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TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

Treated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



The Baw.



"Birm—ah!"



Mobile eyes, eh?—shun!



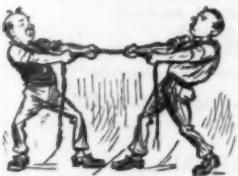
The Bull-gorey-un difficulty.



Proposed 'Am-Bass-adore-I-all Conference.



Despatch of a Detachment to Strum-djah.



The Armstrong Trial.



'Dis-establishment!'



Helen Taylor, her name and a dress which be camb-er-well.



Mr. Maple, if elected for St. Pancras, will always be in the Van!!

POLITICS AND POLITENESS;

OR, WHY NOT IN THIS STYLE?

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, addressing an Agricultural Meeting in a large marquise at King's Lynn yesterday, began by deprecating the vituperative style of eloquence which had become so common in English politics. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*) He had himself, he was aware, said some harsh things of his opponents, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not really meant one of them. (*Laughter.*) Personally, he did not consider that the fabric of our Constitution would be instantly dissolved if we agreed to abandon the present oratorical presumption, which was that every Politician who differed from you was an Adventurer actuated by the meanest motives, who had only been saved by good luck from being tried for house-breaking, arson, and forgery, while every body on your own side was an Angel of Light. (*Sensation.*) For example—he was quite

sure that in advocating the compulsory purchase of land for allotments, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN honestly believed that the scheme was a practicable one, and that it involved no injustice to the owners of land, but, on both points, he extremely regretted that he was unable to agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. (*Cheers.*) It was of course open to him to say that the Radicals were only shamming sympathy with the labourer, and that gentlemen with top-hats and black coats were by nature debarred from knowing anything about the wants of the rural population. (*Laughter.*) The first statement, however, would be grossly uncharitable, and the second utterly ridiculous. (*Cheers.*) No, he believed the motives of his opponents to be at least as pure and good as his own; but he could not help thinking that some of their proposals were mistaken. He was rather inclined to fancy that they were, unintentionally of course, raising false hopes all over the country, but that did not seem to be a conclusive reason why he should brand them as hypocrites, thieves, and liars. (*Loud cheers, and expressions of surprise, amid which the noble Lord resumed his seat.*)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, last night, addressed a large gathering of his constituents, at Birmingham. He said:—

"I think I ought at once to put myself right with you, by saying, that probably a great many of my views are incorrect, and most of my facts utterly wrong. (*Cries of "Oh! oh!" followed by cheers.*) I confess I do not pretend to infallibility in politics. You must take my views for what they are really worth, which may very likely be precious little. (*"Oh! oh!" and laughter.*) Now, having made that admission, I think we shall get along much more comfortably. I trust that Lord SALISBURY, when he next makes one of his clever and interesting speeches, will imitate my modesty. (*Cheers.*) We must, I think, acknowledge the great ability which Lord SALISBURY brings to the service of his QUEEN and country. (*Dissent.*) Nay, let us try and give the Prime Minister his due. (*Laughter.*) He is, I repeat, a man of great ability, mistaken in many things, and certainly too dogmatic; but we must give him credit as fair-minded men, for having settled the Burmese Question, and half-settled the Afghan and Egyptian difficulties, in a satisfactory manner. (*"Hear, hear!"*) What, however, you will have to decide in November is whether you are willing to intrust the destinies of the nation to him for five or six years, and I do not think I am going beyond the limits of courtesy and impartiality when I say that the record of the Tory Party in the past is not such as to inspire us with confidence in their reforming zeal in the future." (*Cheers.*) The Right Hon. Gentleman concluded by saying, that if Lord SALISBURY would adopt free education, local councils, and compulsory sale of allotments, he, for one, would cordially welcome the accession of a Conservative Ministry to Office and to Power.

The meeting separated shortly afterwards in some confusion.

The Marquis of SALISBURY, in the course of a speech delivered yesterday before the Brighton and South-Coast "Habitation" of the Primrose League, remarked that there had been some dispute as to who ought to have the credit of the passing of the Franchise Bill. "It would be easy for me," said the noble Marquis, "to maintain that the Tories, and the Tories alone, passed that measure through Parliament. But then that statement would have the slight disadvantage of being untrue. (*Laughter.*) I do not understand why I should not at once admit that we formerly opposed the extension of the Franchise to labourers, honestly believing them to be unfitted for a vote, but that we subsequently were reassured on this point. If the merit of proposing the measure belongs, as I quite admit it does, to the Liberals, the merit of not opposing it—nay, of helping it on—belongs to the Tories. (*Cheers.*) I notice that Lord DERBY has stated that the Tory Foreign Policy would be one of 'swagger and bloodshed.' Now, Lord DERBY is a relative of my own, and as such I might be expected to do what is vulgarly called 'giving it him hot.' (*Laughter.*) I might say that I wondered such a statement did not choke in his throat, but then the remark would, I fear, be exceedingly rude on my part. What I do say is that, acting, no doubt, from the best intentions, Mr. GLADSTONE in his Egyptian policy was not very successful, and that, therefore, it does not lie in the mouths of Liberals to taunt us with our Foreign Policy. (*Cheers.*) At the same time I willingly acknowledge that Mr. GLADSTONE's action in Egypt was guided by patriotic motives, and that he met with immense difficulties. (*"Hear! hear!" and "Oh! Oh!"*) Why should we not be honest and fair in these matters? We may depend upon it that, although a great deal is said about reform of procedure in Parliament, the procedure which most needs reforming is that adopted by Members of both Houses when they are on their Party Platforms." (*Laughter and loud cheering, during which the noble Marquis entered his "Special," and returned to Town.*)

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—Fair-play pugilists are like safety matches, they strike only "on the box."

A NEW EDITION.—*The Bacchae of Euripides. His Smoking Mixtures.*



EXPERIENTIA DOCET?

Wife of Two Years' Standing. "OH YES! I'M SURE HE'S NOT SO FOND OF ME AS AT FIRST. HE'S AWAY SO MUCH, NEGLECTS ME DREADFULLY, AND HE'S SO CROSS WHEN HE COMES HOME. WHAT SHALL I DO?"

Widow. "FEED THE BEUTE!"

BOARD TO DEATH!

THE following published stipulations, drawn up by a "very moderate voter," in St. Pancras, show how keen the School Board contest promises to be in certain quarters. It will be seen that a spirit of compromise has inspired their drawing up, and that they do something more than meet the aggressive Educational party halfway. They will at least be perused with interest, if not patience, by distracted Ratepayers, who, at the present moment, are at a loss which way to turn and what to vote.

1. The frontage of any additional School Board buildings shall, in future, only be half-dressed with Portland Stone, and the interior accommodation provided shall not be more than 25 per cent. in excess of that required for the district, as shown by the published statistics.

2. The Head Master and Mistress shall not enjoy an income of more, respectively, than seven and six hundred pounds per annum, nor shall their attendance hours be less than three hours a day for four days in each week.

3. The Assistant Staff of Professors shall be limited to a dozen, and no permanent provision shall be made for the teaching of the rudiments of Chinese, advanced trigonometry, or Persian Calisthenics without a special vote of the Board for the purpose.

4. No infants under three will be expected to present themselves for education, but on attaining that age their attendance will be counted on at all the junior classes of Physiology, Applied Science, and Political Economy, and rigorously enforced by the local agents of the Board.

5. The proposed limit of the rate to be levied shall be fixed as low as seven shillings and sixpence in the pound; but in the event of it being found necessary to exceed this sum to any material extent, it shall be competent for the members to vote for and pass the extra amount required without any further discussion whatever.

Such are the "stipulations" referred to; and it is calculated that a reference to their general provisions will be likely to wake the Ratepayer to a sense of his responsibility in the forthcoming Elections.

HORSLEYANA.

Lady (interested in Mr. Horsley's model speech at the Church Congress, to artist friend). What are Mr. HORSLEY's initials?

Artist. J. C. HORSLEY. "J" is JOHN.

Lady. And "C" what's that?

Artist. Evidently, CLOTHES-HORSLEY.

[Exit.]

The other evening Mr. H-RSL-Y was dining at the "Ath-n-m" with the Archib-sh-p of C-NT-RB-RY, and the B-sh-p of L-ND-N, when the following incident took place:

Mr. H-rsl-y (as they were sitting down to the soup, addressing the Archib-sh-p). My Lord—

B-sh-p of L-nd-n (whispering Mr. H-rsl-y, aside). You should say "Your Grace."

Mr. H-rsl-y (annoyed). I did. I always do, before dinner and after dinner. (Resuming to Archib-sh-p.) Shall we order a salad?

Archib-sh-p (sweetly). Certainly. But do tell them that I prefer it not dressed.

Mr. H-rsl-y (horified). Undressed!

[Exit, indignantly, and considers whether he won't vote for Disestablishment.]

Mr. H-RSL-Y has taken to spectacles. He has conscientious scruples against the use of the naked eye in painting. (To be discontinued in our next.)

WAIST NOT, WANT NOT.

"Many a poor girl hurt her health very materially by trying to rival the reigning beauty of the day, the Duchess of Rutland, who was said to squeeze herself to the size of an orange and a half."—*Mary Frimpton's Journal*, 1779-1846.

Our Ladies still are débonnaire;
Olivia bonnets many wear,
With figured silks so rich and rare
From ALLENBY's or GORRIGE'S;
But is there one who can compare
With Rutland's Duchess, all so fair,
Whose waist, we read,
Did not exceed
In size two China oranges?

CRIME FOR THE CAUTIOUS.—SAF-E-Robbery!

GOOD LAWES!

WHILE the Radicals are talking—rather loosely—about Allotments, and the Tories joking—just as loosely—about "three acres and a cow," Sir JOHN LAWES has signified his intention to let out to labourers and others in the Luton district portions of land varying from twenty poles to an acre, for the growth of vegetables or farm produce. For the first year he will charge only the amount of the tithes and rates, and afterwards the allotments will be let at £2 per acre, compensation for improvements being given to tenants upon quitting. This prompt practical experimenting—very much the reverse of the Lawes' delay—sounds more earnest, and therefore more hopeful, than a great many windy promises on one side and spiteful gibes on the other.

A Crewe-cial Question.

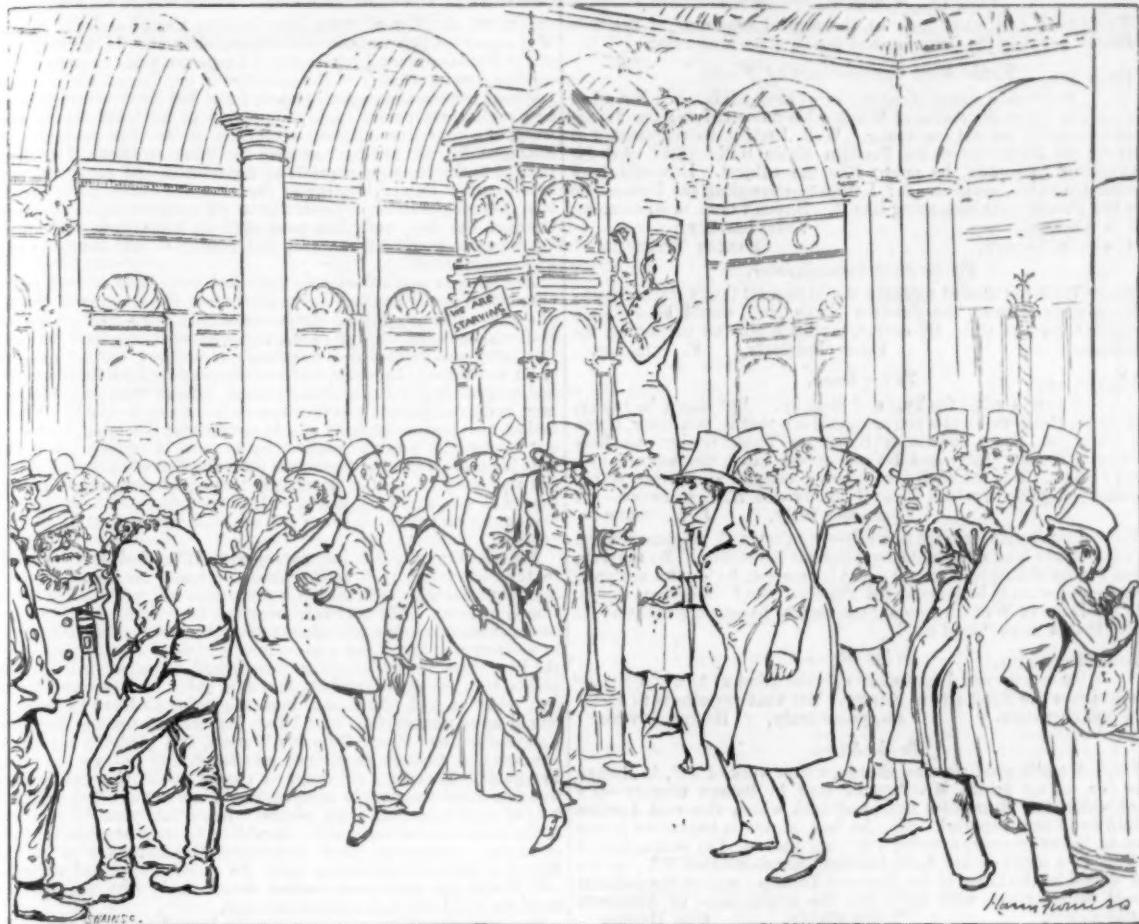
THE London and North-Western Railway, perchance, MAY prove MELLOR, HODGSON, and LATHAM romance; But if what DALE reports of their tyranny's true, The Liberal Ship must look after its Crewe!

PROVINCIAL NEWS.—Off the Suffolk coast some fishermen caught an enormous conger-eel, so big that it was taken for a shark, whereat the shark of course must have been much pleased. On the arrival of the gallant fisherman at his native town, the local band received him, playing "See the Congering Hero comes!" The fish was afterwards sent to the Bishop of ELY, who, the next Sunday, made an appeal on behalf of the Suffolk Fishermen to his Conger-regation.

OUR OWN TOMPOOL AGAIN!

THE person whose conversation can throw a light upon any subject.—The Man with a Lantern Jaw! Ha! ha!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. NO. 23.



VIEW OF THE CORN EXCHANGE. HARD TIMES.

BOGEY!

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL says that "if the Radical Party of the present day were only like Mr. BRIGHT, he should feel little fear about the future of the country." To those who remember how long Mr. BRIGHT was regarded as the great Radical Bugbear, this reads passing funny. But so scared Reaction goes its regular round from anathema to benediction, with the monotonous regularity of a mill-wheel or a parson's drone. In a reformer's active state he is held up as a Bogey of violence, to frighten the timid; in his less volcanic old age he is held up as a Bogey of virtue, to darken by contrast the blackness of those who are doing now what he would have set hand to forty years ago. It is all Bogey from beginning to end. And, forty years hence, the CHURCHILL of the day will be saying that, if only the advanced party of that period were like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he should have no fear, &c., &c., &c. If only that much-talked-of "future of the country, Sir," would take on the buckets-full of black paint—"hues of darkness and eclipse"—which Bogeydom has from generation to generation prepared for its be-daubment, what a tenebrious time we should all be having, to be sure! But it won't. The Ship of State, though, according to the scaremongers, "built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark," persists in pointing prow towards the eternal dawn, and sailing steadily on into the sunlight.

"OUR READERS."—MR. GLADSTONE and Lord IDDESDALE. We hope they study their "Lessons" over-night. This lay assistance may possibly be considered as lesson-ing the difficulties of Disestablishment.

"WHAT IS A GIRL TO DO?"

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, how can you Ask us, "What is a Girl to do?" That is the title, now we see, Born by a novel by Mr. E., He dares ask, in the public view, Boldly, "What is a Girl to do?" What is a Girl to do? Why, sing, Dress, and chatter, and have her fling;

Vex her mother and rile her dad, Drive her lovers all nearly mad. That is the answer some think true Given to "What is a Girl to do?" What is a Girl to do? To teach Kindly lessons in gentle speech; Heal the troubles that come to vex All the souls of the sterner sex; Life with feminine charms endue; Answers, "What is a Girl to do?"

Show Off.

WHAT Colonel FRASER, of the Police, said to the LORD MAYOR (elect) STAPLES was, "Turn again, Lord Mayor of London." And so he has arranged to turn again, and won't bring the old show along Holborn and down Chancery Lane. The LORD MAYOR is the only Show-man allowed to interfere with the traffic. But how illogical to talk of doing away with this Show, while permitting the processions of Demonstrationists of all sorts, and of the noisy, howling, tambourine-playing Salvationists on any day, Sundays not excepted.

"TIS like, very like,"—SHAKESPEARE. And he would have repeated himself, and said it of Miss MARY REID's Portrait of Colonel FRED BURNABY exhibited last Saturday at the Mansion House. Miss ARMSTRONG's etching done from the Picture is admirable. Lifelike, and, as it should be of a brave soldier who died in action, striking.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

THE question is, what is to be the central ornament of the new "Place" between the Criterion and the Pavilion Music Hall.

DEAR SIR, To the First Commissioner of Works.

WHY not a statue of myself as "The Candidate?" Not a bad idea. You know the statue of What's-his-name defying the Thingummy—correct me if I am wrong. Well, I might be represented as defying the Proprietor of the Pavilion Music Hall? Eh? Ask Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, he might like the subject. It would be a companion to his, what was it? I forget—strangling the Parson—no not the Parson—but something like it. Haven't time to write more. Off to rehearsal.

Criterion Theatre.

CHARLES WYNNDHAM.

To the First Commissioner.

SIR.—With the utmost respect I would suggest that a statue of myself, pointing towards the Pavilion Music Hall, would be a fitting ornament for the site. Of course, my back will be turned on the Criterion.

Yours obediently, F. VILLIERS.

Dear PLUNKETT,

RHYMES with funky, and Monkey. But don't be funky, and do the thing well while you are about it; that is, you know, if you are about it. Send BOEHM, or BROCK, or THORNEYCROFT—no Rose without a Thorneycroft—and let one of 'em catch the writer's eye, mine I mean. But seriously, why not a colossal equestrian statue of—can you guess of whom?—no, I don't mean HENRY IRVING—but of

Yours very truly, J. L. TOOLE ?

P.S.—I don't ride—except in a cab—but that's of no consequence. SANGER would lend me something quiet for the sitting. By the way, I don't mind sitting to HORSLEY—but let me see, he's not a sculptor, is he?—as I want to be represented Horribly. See? A colossal figure, like the Duke of WELLINGTON's, that used to be over the archway, is better than a mere "bust up."

To the Same.

Of course you have made up your mind as to whose Statue should grace the finest site in Europe. All that remains is to decide in which character.

I am, yours truly, HENRY IRVING.

To the Same.

SIR.—A really good classical Statue, a true work of Art, in Roman toga—or, as my friend Mr. PETTITT says, in Roman toggery—is a want which the Metropolis feels, and with which this vast London should be at once supplied. Sir, the love of Art is implanted in our Human Nature,—every evening 7:45—big success. The Statue should be heroic; a scroll should be in the right hand, labelled MS.; in the left should be the Lease of the National Theatre; and on the pedestal should be inscribed, with date, &c., the magic name of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.

Yours affably, GUS HARRIS.

To the Same.

DEAR FIRST COMMISSIONER,

I DON'T like putting myself forward, but I really think you couldn't do better than commemorate the Inventories in the space between the Criterion and the Pavilion, and put me up there—I mean my effigy in marble—as being so friendly, both to theatres and Music Halls. If you want two figures in the group, you might tell whoever does the statue, to make it me and the Prince of WALES. SOMERSE VINE says he'd like to be in this, but he must make his own application.

Yours Inventorily, CUNLIFFE OWEN.

To the Same.

DEAR COMMISSIONER,

PUT me up on a pedestal. I'm the representative sort of Manager. Quite typical, a statue of me between the Criterion and the Music Hall. Might be facing towards Alhambra—Leicester Square way. Show me as keeping alight the sacred lamp of Burlesque, while among the ashes of exploded tyranny lies Ash Wednesday. The figures supporting the *Ara Burlesqui* might be Miss NELLIE FARREN, Miss KATE VAUGHAN, Messrs. ROYCE and TERRY. I leave it to you—and the nation.

Yours, JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

New Colours.

IN the account in the *Daily News* of the *trousseau* of the Princess MARIE of OLEANS, we read:—

"A walking dress is also grey, being made of velvet, in the shade of that colour known as 'frightened mouse.'

This opens a fine field for a series of new colours. We shall not be surprised to hear after this of garments "in the shade of that colour known as"—"reproachful rat," "demented dog," "cantankerous cat," "surprised stoat," "alarmed antelope," "timorous tortoise," "reflective rabbit," or "contemplative canary."

SORROWS OF A METROPOLITAN CANDIDATE.

I HAVE, at different times, been holding a small series of meetings of a somewhat private and confidential character, in different parts of the Parliamentary District which I hope some day to represent, and as they consist entirely of the members of my Committee, or of their personal friends and acquaintances, I had but little difficulty in getting resolutions passed highly approving of my Candidature, which were, of course, immediately advertised in the local journals. Encouraged by my brilliant success on these occasions, I at length yielded to the repeated requests of my friends, and consented to the holding of a Public Meeting of the free and independent Electors, that they might listen respectfully to my opinions upon the various topics of the day, and then pass such an unanimous resolution of approval as would strike terror and confusion into the ranks of my hapless opponent.

The meeting was accordingly held last week, and while I and my Committee were awaiting, in the ante-room, the striking of the hour of eight, we were gratified by the pleasing information that the large Hall was crowded with an eager, and somewhat impatient, audience. Our entry was greeted by a most vociferous shout, but not altogether of an unanimous character, and our Chairman, a local Churchwarden, had some difficulty in obtaining silence, calls of turn-coat, and trimmer, and even traitor, greeting him on his rising to speak. Whether he lost his presence of mind at this unexpected reception, I know not, but he caused a roar of laughter by at once informing the meeting that his presence in the Chair was no indication of change of politics, but was merely an act of friendship to me personally, as he quite intended to vote for my opponent! He ended his very brief speech by asking for a patient hearing for all, and then called upon me to proceed.

My reception was certainly a staggerer. The whole meeting seemed to take an active part in it. Cheers, Groans, Shouts, and roars of laughter vied with each other for predominance, but I think the last won it hollow. They certainly were the best-natured crowd I ever saw collected together, and almost everything that I said was cheered so vociferously that I had some slight doubts of its sincerity, but of the heartiness of the laughter there could be none. All the great points that my guide, philosopher, and agent had prepared for me, and which I had taken such immense pains to learn by heart, got mixed up so unmercifully that I found myself denouncing Hereditary Vaccination, and Home Rule for Women, and pledging myself unreservedly to support Local Option in Land, and Enfranchisement of Freeholds. How they did roar! I should doubt if a public speech was ever more thoroughly enjoyed, and I am not at all sure that if a vote of confidence had been proposed immediately on the conclusion of the oration of my speech—in which, by some strange confusion of ideas, I compared Lord RANDOLPH CHAMBERLAIN to the Lord Mayor of ancient days sitting amid the ruins of exploded cartridges—it would not have been carried unanimously with the shouts of laughter amid which I resumed my seat.

But, unfortunately, no sooner had the laughter and noise subsided than the questioning began, and for some three-quarters of an hour I was subjected to such a severe cross-examination as I was by no means prepared for. I think I should have broken down altogether and retired ignominiously from the platform, but my experienced agent had placed some of my strongest supporters—among them being my butcher and my grocer—in conspicuous places, and who, when I was unduly pressed, changed the subject by shouting out some question on which I was quite sound, which enabled me to recover myself. I think that, without any exception, this was the longest three-quarters of an hour I ever passed. The hands of the great clock opposite to me seemed almost motionless.

The questions were, so to speak, hurled at me from all parts of the room, and any hesitation on my part in replying drew forth shouts of "No shuffling!" "Speak out like a man!" "Where's your backbone?" till I was fairly bewildered, and doubtless gave some curious answers, which again drew forth shouts of laughter, but a good deal mixed with shouts of dissent.

Disendowment was a terribly difficult question to deal with. "Will you disendow the Church?" After a slight pause, "Yes, certainly." (Cheers.) "Will you disendow the Liveries Companies of the City?" As I have the distinguished honour of being a Warden of the Worshipful Company of Bellowsmenders, which gives me a revenue of about £300 a year and certain privileges of a most enjoyable character, I naturally hesitated, amid screams of derision, and then said, "Yes, I think so." "How long have you thought so?" shouted a stentorian voice. "I cannot exactly say. Possibly not very long," I replied; "but Rome was not built in a day." This happy idea, as I then thought it, failed lamentably, and was received with another roar. I draw a veil over the further proceedings, except to announce that, upon a show of hands being taken, my candidature was condemned by a majority of about two to one.

THE REAL "GOLDEN OPINIONS."—The "Opinions" of crack Counsel.

BOULONACO-SUR-CHEMIN-DE-FER.

(By a Remorseful Loser of Seven Francs.)

WHEN Eastend-on-Mud was described in these columns it was imagined that the place was unique. The impression was a false one, inasmuch as the French town—a thousand pardons, *city*—under present consideration, has the same foundation as the pinky little Essex watering-place, which tries so hard to escape from the river to the sea. Both Eastend and Boulonaco, especially at low tide, are famous for mud. Years ago it was almost impossible to live in the latter on account of the imperfect drainage, and now and again a fearful epidemic has left the visitors' list a vacant page. In those far-off days Boulonaco was a sort of sea-side branch of the Fleet and other debtors' prisons, and the resort of bold outlaws who had bravely seized the Queen's subjects out of their money. These gallant trappers (in more senses than one) were wont to swagger down the pier on the week days, reserving Sunday for an occasional excursion to England, under the protection of a law forbidding their arrest on the Sabbath. Near the sea was a little "Etablissement," built of wood, where balls were held twice or thrice a week (the one given on Fridays being particularly grand—a large balcony being then annexed by a red and white awning to the dancing saloon), and cards and whist permitted at points not exceeding half a franc. The place was paved with rough-pointed stones, and visitors, instead of living at hotels, resided at boarding-houses.

Thirty years pass, and what a change! First of all—about the mud? New harbour works have nearly concealed it. Nowadays the terrible spectre of disease that invariably accompanied low tide is completely laid. The once open sewer is closed, it is to be hoped, for ever. Next, as to the streets, gas has taken the place of oil, asphalt of jagged stones, and tram-cars of broken-down diligences. An omnibus, started by the "enterprise" of somebody or other (who proudly gave the conveyance his name), used to run ten years ago between the fish-market and the "Etablissement," but now this has been replaced by carriages on rails of the familiar English pattern, which perambulate the town in all directions. The hotels are numerous and good, from the "Napoleon," built in the days of the Empire (when Boulonaco prospered greatly, and consequently has ever since been intensely Republican), down or up to the "De Mouton," with its glazed *galerie*, looking like a shopless Burlington Arcade, turned into a number of extra-sized inhabitable dolls'-houses, with transparent "fronts," for the benefit of summer visitors. And, last of all, about the *Etablissement*?

Alas! the *Etablissement* exists no longer! The old wooden building has long since been swept away, and with it the red and white curtains and the open balcony. In its place has arisen a majestic building of the true Parisian type, exterior, stucco and plate-glass—interior, red velvet, gold pillars, and glittering chandeliers. A small piece of garden, which in the olden days was full of sea-side evergreens, has been enlarged into "park-like grounds," with a kiosk for the band in the centre. Between the new building and the sea was established a "Skating Rink," and a children's playground, and as an annex, appeared an exceedingly good Aquarium. Thus the *Etablissement*, until a few months ago. Now a greater, and probably final, alteration has been effected—the name is changed—it is no longer the "*Etablissement*," it is now the "*Casino*." A "*Jardin d'hiver*" has occupied the Aquarium—the children's playground has vanished into space—the once splendid saloons have been set up into a smallish theatre, and a suite of rooms used for other purposes than the circulation of society—the allusion to the suite of rooms is a sad one, for their recent addition warrants the new name "*Boulonaco*" (so suggestive of another place with the same final disyllable) which appropriately identifies the pleasantest of French watering-places.

When the city was in its "baby rowdyism," when imprisonment for debt was a stern reality in England, there used to be an "innocent game" played at the *Etablissement*, in which a top and nine pins figured, and at which the gamblers (who paid a few sous as entrance-money) won toy prizes. That "top and skittles" arrangement has so developed, that this year Boulonaco has been little better than a "Riviera health-resort." The "suite of rooms" are given over entirely to gambling—real substantial gambling.

During the past season a show of secrecy was made about the "*Cercle*," or inner centre where *baccarat* and kindred games were played by "Members only," but now that October has come and the bulk of visitors departed, the regulations are relaxed, and all may freely circulate in the suite of gaming rooms. The less enterprising still prefer "*Chemin-de-fer*," with its half-franc and five franc stakes, to the more costly "distractions."

It is said that the Proprietor obtained the concession to use the tables from the Minister of the Interior himself, on condition that other French watering-places did not complain. But the moment Boulonaco commenced operations Trouuppe and Diville jealously grumbled, and a circular condemning sea-side gambling was issued. But this official "recommendation" does not appear to have had

much effect. The visitors stake their money (sometimes using "*Cercle*" counters, proving that the two institutions, the Club and the "*Chemin-de-fer*," are practically the same) on the "Disc," "Londres," "Lisbonne," and "St. Petersbourg," or buy the privilege of holding the bank with as much facility as ever. The company recalls many a meeting at Baden-Baden or Hombourg, when Baden-Baden and Hombourg were respectively Hombourg and Baden-Baden. Lace, diamonds, and pyramidal hats appear everywhere. The fair-haired lady, the brunette, the Maltese have each a representative. The cries are the same, the croupiers do similar work, the atmosphere is unchanged. To sum up (for the time for concluding this article has arrived), the Republic and the Principality have many points of resemblance. In a word, allowing for the difference made by the neighbourhood of the very soft Mediterranean and the equally rough Straits of Dover, Monte Carlo and Boulonaco are very much alike—especially Boulonaco!

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

I AM corrected. Correspondents in N.B. write to ask why I spelt Ballachulish "Ballachuish." I knew no better. Friends at a distance, please accept the following statement:—

To spell it "Ballachuish,"
My Scotch friends say is newish,
And not to know was foolish
That 'tis spelt "Ballachulish."
I'd like to have—the wish is coolish—
More than three *slls* in "Ballachulish."

THE SHORT YOTTER.

A Substantial Grievance.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FIND tradesmen send *bills* to me enclosed in a halfpenny wrapper! What is the Post-Office about in offering a premium for the circulation of most offensive matter, eh? Why, their bills ought to be taxed, Sir, yes, *heavily taxed*. There's a hint for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Instead of encouraging the circulation of tradesmen's bills, let them all bear a stamp in proportion to their amount, before they are issued. No one will support this movement more heartily than your sincere admirer,

UNREADYMONEY NAUGHTIBOY.

Mem. on Some Memoirs.

O LITTLE-GREAT ones of the courtly scene,
Who one of you would greatly care to be,
Whose pitiable position lies between
The GREVILLE and (Oblivion's) deep sea?

Grounds for Alarm.

THE St. James's Gazette says:—

"Coffee has, for some unknown reason, of late years lost ground in public estimation."

Should it not have been "lost grounds"? But does not coffee always lose grounds in public estimation? We should say that the more it was esteemed by the public the more grounds it lost. But possibly we know nothing at all about the matter.

Why, Indeed?

To what excess recrimination runs!
How platform Billingsgate in gall increases!
Why, why should our political Great Guns
Be foulng-pieces?

MUSIC AT ELECTIONS.—M. BIZET'S *Carmen*, on account of its leading melody, is the favourite Opera with the Conservatives, and it is likely that the "Dames and Knights"—it used to be "Dames and Tutors" at Eton—will adopt this celebrated air as their war-chant. Of course the song is, "*Toréador contento*,"—Anglise adayted, "*Tory adore! Content O!*"

WORTH LISTENING TO.—MR. CHODWICK BROWN, a dentist, complained in open Court—which sounds airy, but "in stuffy Court" would be truer—stuffy-gowny Court—of the place in which the witnesses were kept waiting. He said that "it would give many of them the toothache." Now, coming from a dentist, this evidence is most disinterested.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

UNDER PRETENCE OF THROWING A REFLECTED LIGHT ON THE FACE, THAT RISING YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER, FIRSON, ALWAYS PROVIDES HIS SITTER WITH SOMETHING SO PLEASANT TO LOOK AT, THAT SHE NEVER GETS TIRED OF SITTING (I.E. STANDING). THIS ALSO EXPLAINS WHY HIS PORTRAITS ALWAYS HAVE THAT SYMPATHETIC AND THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPLATIVE SERENITY.

A FALSE ALARM.

TOGETHER, wild and scant of wit,
The scared Owls in the belfry sit;
Four feathery fluttered flapping things,
With rounding eyes and rustling wings.
Church Owls, that in that belfry long
Have heard the big bell's loud ding-dong,
Unmoved, unmazed, by day or night.
But now are filled with sore affright,
And seem to hear in its dull boom
Sounds of alarm and knells of doom.
Tuwhit tuwhoo! Tuwhit tuwhoo!
Was ever heard such hullabaloo?
Tuwhoo tuwhit! Tuwhoo tuwhit!
Those orbs with frantic fire are lit.
The belfry's firm, the belfry's high,
Pinnacled safe in the sombre sky,
And there, in defiance of wind and weather,
These Owls, and fowls of a similar feather,
For generations have flocked together.
What availth it, what doth it boot,
In clamorous chorus to shriek and hoot?
Find they, fear they, these feathered people,
Imminent peril to Church or steeple?
Church in danger! Foolishest cry!
O feathered creatures of fearsome eye,
Minerva's self, were the goddess by,
Her favourite fowls would mock and chide,
Their furs contemn and their fears deride.
Horned Owl, with the throat of black,
You should know better! The bird at your
back.
Grey-polled, goggle-eyed, easily scared,
Is always frightened if light is flared.

Fall in his optics, that love the dark,
But you? The belfry has been an ark
For many a flight of your fellow fowls.
What generations of cozy Owls
Have nested there, and hooted shrilly,
In fright as unprovoked as silly
At fancied prospect of coming woe,
Of tower prostrate and spire laid low!
Yet here you huddle in safety still,
But filling the night with your hootings shrill.
Tuwhit tuwhoo! What a to-do!
Tuwhoo tuwhit! Flutter and fit!
Shriek and scuffle, scurry and squall,
As though the belfry shook to its fall!
Sound the alarm on your lofty perch,
As though an earthquake menaced the
Church!
An old, old story! A stale, stale scare!
The countryfolk, lifting an eye in air,
Say, as they pass with a smile of disdain,
"Those foolish old birds, they are at it
again!"
A false alarm! There are some who suspect
That a very sly plan in the shine they
detect;
That the shrill tuwhits and the hollow
tuwhooes
Are to beat up their friends and to baffle their
foes;
That those gogglesome birds in their belfry
high
Are awake to the worth of a capital cry;
That, in spite of their chorus of scuffle and
scream,
*Those Owls are not half so alarmed as they
seem!*

A SANITARY SAGE.

THE Mayor of Southwold is a bold man. The water supply of that pleasant seaside resort is notoriously bad, and some of the wells are dangerously near cess-pools. It was proposed, then, at a recent meeting of the Corporation, to sanction the erection of water-works, and it was suggested that the water should be analysed. Thereupon the Mayor said that "he had not the slightest confidence in any analysis because they might send samples of the same water to two analysts, and get different opinions." He also added, with reference to the wells being injured by their close proximity to cess-pools, that it might be the case or not. Truly a courageous man this, though possibly a little behind the times. For this is the nineteenth century, and epidemics of typhoid fever are not unknown, while we have been trying to teach even children the rudiments of sanitary science. And yet the Mayor of Southwold expresses a rooted distrust of analysts, and apparently has a *penchant* for water contaminated by sewage, which, as one of his colleagues in the Corporation sardonically remarked, had "a great deal of body in it."

PROPERTY AND PARALLEL.—Mrs. M., on being informed that certain persons demanded the compulsory sale of land for the purpose of allotment to labourers, said that they seemed to her very like the King who wanted NARCISSUS to sell his vineyard.



A FALSE ALARM.

CHOICE OF CONSERVATIVE OWLS, "TOO-WHIT—TOO-WHOO ! CHURCH IN DANGER—CHURCH IN DANGER ! TOO-WHIT—TOO-WHIT—TOO-WHOO-O-O-O-O-O ! "

[Mr. Chamberlain has declared his conviction that "There is no one, whether Radical or Tory, Churchman or Dissenter, who believes that there is any chance whatever that this great question will receive its final settlement in the Parliament which is about to assemble."—*Times*.]

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THE BATTLE OF THE BAGGAGE.

THE "Luggage Scramble" that has been latterly occupying public attention in the columns of a contemporary, has provoked the subjoined further correspondence:—

SIR.—There is only one course open to a "TIMID INQUIRER," if he wishes to secure his luggage on his arrival at a London Terminus. He must travel up to Town either in the society of a professional prize-fighter, or accompanied by several roughs who will be prepared to stand by him, shoulder to shoulder, when he enters the general mêlée on the platform, and the moment the train stops he must dash into the thick of it in the neighbourhood of the luggage-van, and make for his individual packages. If these are numerous, he will find it hot work, and may require to have recourse to a deal of hitting-out, but it is the only way. I am a frequent passenger up to Town, and can speak with some experience; and only last Tuesday, on arriving at Paddington, I managed to point out and carry off to my four-wheeler seven boxes in as many minutes, with no more damage than a couple of black eyes and a dislocated shoulder. I might have fared worse had it not been for the presence of a sporting Baronet and a Colonel of Dragoons, who happened to be travelling in the same train, and lent me a little kindly assistance in getting my things clear of the barrier. "Looking on expectantly," which appears to be a "TIMID INQUIRER's" recipe, though it does not seem to have procured him his luggage, will not certainly suit.

Yours self-helpfully, THE MAN WHO WON'T WAIT.

SIR.—Your Correspondent, "A DISPERSED THREE HUNDRED-WEIGHT," who arrived at a Central London Terminus on last Thursday week, and has not yet succeeded in collecting his thirteen packages, should take a leaf out of my book. I have been in the habit of travelling with a considerable quantity of luggage, and have often run up to Town by the Flying Dustman, and for some time have counted myself fortunate if I have managed the journey with the loss of merely one or two portmanteaus. Things, however, getting a little worse last Christmas, when on one occasion, owing to the general rush and scramble, I was unable to secure any of my effects, I devised a plan which I have since carried out with every success. I have had my boxes labelled conspicuously, "Dynamite—with Great Care." The result has invariably been that after the struggling crowd has cleared off, my luggage has remained untouched upon the platform. The label has then attracted the attention of the Inspector, and I have been given, as a matter of course, into custody and taken, with my luggage, to the nearest Police Station, where a careful examination has soon discovered my ruse. Though there may have been some slight delay in the process, yet I have invariably found it successful, and can confidently recommend it to anyone who wishes to make sure of receiving his luggage on arrival at a London Terminus without personal injury.

Yours, &c., A THOUGHTFUL TRAVELLER.

SIR.—The only safe method of being able to secure your luggage at the end of a journey is to take it all into the carriage with you. This I invariably do, and the way I effect it is by packing all my things in egg-boxes. Four of these, six feet long and ten inches by sixteen respectively in breadth and height, are easily crammed into an ordinary compartment, and though, as they cover the whole floor and entirely monopolise and fill both the hanging nets, some of the other passengers may possibly complain, a little good-humoured badinage, spiced with firmness, generally suffices to overcome all objection. Care should be taken that the boxes fixed aloft do not, as sometimes will happen, come down on the heads of the other occupants of the carriage, but even with this drawback, the advantage of having your things immediately under your hand, at the end of a journey, is so obvious, as to render their doing so a matter of comparatively secondary importance. Five or six luggage-porters simultaneously hailed on the arrival of the train, and with a little pushing the transposition of the luggage is effected with marvellous speed and convenience. I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

PRACTICAL.

SIR.—I have read the Correspondence on the so-called "Scramble" for Luggage at the London and other large railway termini, and am at a loss to understand the difficulty of which the writers complain. They have only to follow my plan, which is simplicity itself. Before they start let them have their boxes painted, straps and all, some bright primary colour, say emerald-green, and let the owner of this luggage wear a light overcoat of the same hue. On alighting on the arrival platform, the peculiarity of his dress instantly will attract the attention of several porters, to whom he can announce the fact that his particular packages are similarly coloured, and while doing so he can at the same time produce and toy with a well-filled purse. In a few minutes he will find himself in a cab with all his effects about him. At least such has been the experience of

Yours hopefully, A DIPLOMATIST.

SIR.—Till every passenger is allowed to travel seated on his own luggage, and have it swiftly and civilly transferred to his cab for

him on the instant of arrival, there is only one course open to a British traveller, and that is, to take no luggage with him at all. At least that is the conclusion to which I have come; and I can only advise all those who value the avoidance of a street-row to follow my example, and have their things transmitted after them, as I do mine, by Parcels Post. Twenty-seven-pound packages will be found ample for one person, and though there may be some inconvenience in postage and delivery, yet it is not for a moment to be weighed against the annoyance and indignation experienced by one who has been in, but is now, he trusts, for ever

OUT OF THE SCRAMBLE.

THE PICTURE PAPERS.

THE *Illustrated London News* outdid itself last week with its picture in colours (limited) of "The Royal Stag Hounds," showing His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales taking off his hat to a little boy blue mounted on a curious sort of animal, presumably a pony, with the object apparently of showing how beautifully his hair has been arranged this morning—done in oils, and quite an advertisement for H.R.H.'s *cousine*. H.R.H. is represented as having gone through a severe course of "Banting"—so elegant has the artist made his figure—and wearing such marvellously tight-fitting breeches, without a sign of any button or other fastening above the boot; so that the appearance of these immaculate and ceaseless hunting breeches reminds us of the chorus of the song popular two years ago—in the crutch and toothpick period,—

"How did you get your trousers on?
And did they hurt you much?"

which is exactly what would occur to any right-minded sportsman on seeing this picture of His Royal Highness in the *Illustrated London News*. If the picture be correct in detail, then the sooner the whole party are engaged at Sanger's or at Hengler's (where they used to play at Foxhunting) the better for either of these entertainments and for the hunt. What torture they must suffer in that Royal hunting get-up! "Get up,"—but how do they ever "get up" on to their horses in those tight fits? They must be lifted by cranes and dropped into their saddles.

A propos of Illustrated Papers, the fun of the original photos is entirely lost, without an explanation underneath, in the reproduction of "Reading a Tragedy" and "The Elopement" in the *Sporting and Dramatic*. How "RAPIER" must envy the coloured Royal Stag Hounds in the *Illustrated*! His frontispiece of Miss PHYLIS BROUGHTON is very nearly as charming as the original; one of the best reproductions of a photograph we've seen for some time. The Illustrated Papers, as a rule, ought to give His Royal Highness a handsome salary. Can't they let poor Royalty have a little rest just for one week? Let's see a few numbers without any 'em in. The English people won't forget their existence.

WHAT WE HOPE WILL BE MR. WINAN'S MAXIM BEFORE LONG.—
The "game" is not worth the "scandal."



A MAN OF BROAD VIEWS.

October 20. Lord ROSEBERT at Sheffield said,
"I like to look all round myself."

EXTRACT FROM A NEW WORK BY AN EXILED POLE LATELY VISITING ENGLAND:—"The Russians, as we know, grind down their serfs. This is cruel, but nothing to how, I am credibly informed, the British Aristocrats treat their slaves, in English 'Phlunkies.' I am told by eye-witnesses that not only do the great Lords grind down their Phlunkies, but absolutely reduce them to powder!! You know what 'powdered sugar,' 'powdered glass,' means in English. Well, imagine this, and shudder when I tell you that it is no unusual thing in the mansion of a great Aristocrat to see a vestibule, or even the hall, almost filled with powdered footmen!! And this, my friend, they call a free and civilised country!!!"



"DEPRESSION."

Tourist (tipping the old Gravedigger, who had shown him over the Cathedral). "I SUPPOSE, NOW SO MANY VISITORS ARE IN THE TOWN, YOU 'LL BE DOING WELL?"

Gravedigger. "OU AYE, THERE'S A WHEEN FOWK GAUN ABOOT, BUT"—(gloomily)—"THERE'S TERR'BLE LITTLE DERRIN' IN THE DIGGIN' WAYE!"

REVISED VERSIONS!

(*A propos of some "Second Notices," with an entirely New and Original Suggestion.*)

SIR.—While absent on my holiday tour round the world in a month—that is, as far as I could travel on the road in that amount of time and back again—and here I may mention that I have frequently started for my great tour round the world, and seldom got further than Boulogne,—well, Sir, while away from London, no matter where I was, several pieces were produced, and I read what were intended to be first-night criticisms upon them in some of the papers.

Now, a short while ago, a certain writer was taken to task by uncertain writers for expressing his opinion that it was a most difficult thing, if not almost an impossible one, for a theatrical critic to pronounce a final verdict on any piece from merely seeing it on one of the usual unsatisfactory first nights. A first-night audience is not an audience which represents the public, nor is a first-night's performance of a piece, let the rehearsals have been as perfect as can be, at all the same thing as the sixth or seventh representation of it. So, when I gathered from these criticisms that there was not much in the burlesque of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that caricatures of IRVING had been overdone, and that the parody, which some sentimentalists considered equivalent to sacrilege—burlesque GOLDSMITH's *Vicar of Wakefield* forsooth!—was only saved by Miss LAURA LINDEN's dangerous talent of closely imitating Miss ELLEN TERRY, I said to myself, this is merely the utterance of a critic on seeing an imperfect first-night's performance; *nous verrons*.

And what have I lately read in "second notices" appearing in the same papers, and probably by the same hands? Why, that the parody is delicately done, that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS as the *Vicar* is very funny, and the praise given to Miss LINDEN is repeated, and considerably strengthened. Having recently seen this burlesque, I should say that as a parodied plot it is unintelligible; but as an

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design;
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Nine!

"UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?"

IN the last number but one, *Mr. Punch's* Irregular Reviewer attributed that excellent work, entitled *Food and Feeding*, to Sir HENRY HOLLAND. As everybody knows, including the Irregular Reviewer himself, the book is by Sir HENRY THOMPSON. We at once reminded our young man of the *lapsus calami*, and he said he regretted the calami-ty, and supposed that, if Sir HENRY HOLLAND had written it, the book would have been called *The Dutch Oven*. "And," we added, in the publishing interest, "published by WARNE & Co." To which that flippant young Reviewer retorted, "Who said it Warne?" However, as he has since expressed contrition for his *sauce Hollandaise*, we have forgiven him, and he has ordered a Thompsonian Octagonian dinner at the *Café Royal*, with some Pape Clement pour arroser le perdreau.

The Cry of the Unemployed.

THE Parties, with loud rival rub-a-dub-dub,
Both swear that they pity our work-less condition.
When it comes to assistance JOE gives us a snub,
And SALISBURY grants a Commission!
Ah! a stone is no substitute, surely, for bread,
Whether dropped in one's pocket or shied at one's head!

entertainment offering opportunities to MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS and Miss LAURA LINDEN for showing how droll they can be when caricaturing IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, it is very funny; but there is too much of a good thing, and this joke is about half an hour too long. *The Japs*, at the Novelty Theatre, was pronounced a disaster by the critics: it is, I am informed, drawing crowded houses. There will perhaps be "second notices" of this piece.

The critics, again, seeing Mr. COMYNS CARE'S *Dark Days* on the first night, shook their heads over it, admitted the cleverness of Mr. BEERBOHME TREE'S acting, but generally damned it with faint praise. Now "second notices" have appeared. The *Daily Telegraph* critic says, in his notice, October 22nd, laying it down as a general rule, "on a first night there is invariably a tendency to drag. Ominous pauses and inevitable hesitations stop that electricity, without which no play can be wholly interesting." Let him remember his own dictum, and be guided by it when he writes about another first-night's performance. I hope the next play he witnesses on a first night will be performed by "electric actors," but he must also kindly bear in mind that the less electricity in the House, the more gas is required—especially in the criticisms or notices, or whatever the article may be, rightly or wrongfully, styled.

The pressure put by the public on journalists to supply the first news is fatal to the few chances there are of the critic's pronouncing a just verdict on the real merits of a piece which he sees for the first time, and then imperfectly played. If criticisms are to direct public taste at all, then the critics should be considered as Grand Jurymen, who can either throw out the bill of the play, or send it to be tried. But, if the piece be tried, it is not their province to pronounce a verdict.

I remember a drama being damned, on its first representation, by all the talents who sat in the seat of the scornful—I mean the stalls occupied by the critics—and yet in three weeks' time the play was "drawing the town." Then came some "second notices," and the astute ones said that there had been alterations and emendations, and that it had been much improved. As a matter of fact it had not



THE BURMESE TOAD.

been touched, not one line of it, nor any alteration whatever made in it. But the Sooñful Ones had to justify themselves in their own eyes. I dare say it is much the same in the present instances. A Dramatic Author told me of a recent case in point, but I forgot the name of the piece.

For my own part, as an Unprofessional Critic, I have entered into a solemn league and covenant with myself never again to write about a first night's performance, and only on very exceptional occasions to be present at a *premiere*.

But here are my last suggestions:—1. Let there be no first-night notices at all. 2. Let the piece come out, and let the first night take

its chance audience just like any other night. 3. Let the public express its opinion by going or staying away. 4. Let the professional critics, who declare that they write out of pure love of the Drama, see a piece several times, and, *after its withdrawal*, let their well-considered and then probably valuable criticisms appear, signed boldly, as I sign this, and am, Sir, your own

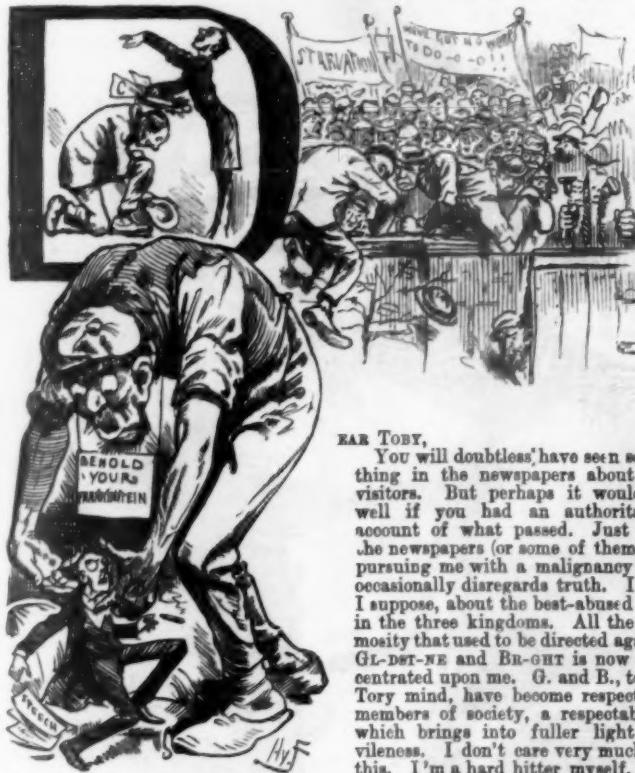
FLEXIBLE NIBBS.

RALLYING CRY FOR THE TORY DEMOCRATS.—Instead of "The Church in Danger!"—Church-ill!

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

VI.—FROM THE UNSLEEPING PARTNER.

Birmingham, Tuesday.



EAR TOBY,

You will doubtless have seen something in the newspapers about my visitors. But perhaps it would be well if you had an authoritative account of what passed. Just now the newspapers (or some of them) are pursuing me with a malignancy that occasionally disregards truth. I am, I suppose, about the best-abused man in the three kingdoms. All the animosity that used to be directed against GL-DER-NIE and BR-GHT is now concentrated upon me. G. and B., to the Tory mind, have become respectable members of society, a respectability which brings into fuller light my vileness. I don't care very much for this. I'm a hard hitter myself, and, as the poet says, those who play at

bowls must expect rubbers. Still, where one has the opportunity of giving a matter-of-fact account of a particular event it is just as well to do so.

Well, I was on Friday morning sitting in my room at Highbury, enjoying a peaceful moment and a large cigar. I had been hard at work for some weeks, as you know. Here was a quiet day intervening, and I was in the mood to enjoy it. I had got a new French novel, and was deep in its perusal, when I was startled by the sound of heavy footfalls, and the murmur of many voices.

"Adown the glen
March armed men."

I observed to myself, for I have of late, in the course of much speech-making, acquired the habit of dropping into poetry,—other people's, of course. What could it be? Had a revolution broken out, was a Republic proclaimed, and were these the people coming in search of their first President? Or was it some device of the enemy? Were they about to surround the house, kidnap me, and keep me out of the way till the General Elections were over? That course of procedure, though a little unusual, would not be out of keeping with some remarks of the Conservatives. The other day, one of them expressed a burning desire to see me hung, which is going a step farther than seeing me kidnapped. It might be necessary for me to fly. But how, and whither?

Whilst I was debating these questions, the door opened, and a servant, pale as death, with chattering teeth and hair uprisen, said, "Please, Sir, the house is surrounded. There's tens of thousands of 'em, and they want to see you." I will not say I was entirely unmoved, but I would not show my discomposure before a servant. Fixing my eye-glass firmly in my right eye, I said, "Who are the gentlemen?" Rather inconvenient calling thus early in the day, and in what appears to be considerable numbers. Did they mention their names?" "No, Sir," said the man, "there's too many of 'em for that." "Well, ask them to send in a few of their cards—a hundred or so. Take a hat-box with you to put them in, and be very civil."

The man did not seem to relish the mission. But he went off, and I was left alone with perturbed thoughts, as you may imagine. If it was a Republican demonstration I would send them to D-LKE. It would be just as well to see how he got on with the Presidency before undertaking it myself. If, on the other hand, kidnapping was meant, time was everything, and half-an-hour or so spent in parley would afford opportunity for rescue. Again the door opened and three men appeared on the threshold. They were in the attire of the British workman, and had a difficulty with their caps, which they turned round and round in their

hands as if they were making something. They certainly were not very truculent in appearance. "Well, my friends, and what do you want?" I said, pleasantly. Their caps revolved at increased speed. They looked at each other, each waiting for the other to speak, at last one said: "We want work."

I saw it all now. It was the Unemployed of Birmingham who had in this extremely inconvenient manner come to appeal to me, the Champion of the labouring classes, to do something for them in the concrete. There was no danger of kidnapping or embarrassment of honour thrust upon me. Still it was well to dissemble. "And are you alone?" I asked, in gentlest tones. "No," said one of the men, "there's a few more'n us outside." "A matter of five or six hundred," said another.

Then I changed my tone, and the position of my eye-glass. "What!" I cried to the trembling deputation, "do you mean to say that, because you cannot get work, you march five or six hundred strong, upon the private residence of a gentleman, disturb his studies pursued for the national good, cut up his lawn with hob-nail boots, and ruffle the surface of his gravel-walks. What have I done that I should suffer thus? I have, it is true, east, west, north, and south, preached the doctrine of the natural rights of the poor. But it is not one of them that you should arise in your thousands and invest my private house."

Much more of the same kind I said. The men edged nearer and nearer the door, finally disappearing through it, leaving me still declaiming. After a while I heard again the tramp of many feet. But instead of advancing, the sound was retiring. The mob had dispersed as suddenly and swiftly as it had come up.

There, TOBY, that's the simple truth of this remarkable episode, of which there are many distorted versions current. I have no proof of it yet, and therefore only hint at a very strong suspicion that the whole thing was one of R-ND-LPH's pranks, and that he, through his agents here, secretly incited these men to pay me a morning call. Of this you may hear more when the affidavits are complete. In the meantime,

I remain, yours truly,
To Tony, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.* J. CH-MB-EL-N.

TUPPER RETUPPER'D.

[Under the head of "The Voter's Motto," our Ancient Guide, Proverbial Philosopher and Friend burst out into poetry in last Thursday's *Globe*. We have set part of it to our own notes.]

"For Church and State! our fathers' honoured toast."
[But was it so, when TUDORS ruled the roast?
"Roast" meaning martyrs,—as to take we're loth sides.
We mean, dear TUPPER, martyrs "done on both sides."
"Shall Atheistic scorn and Jeunit guile
Make NEHEMIAH quit his work awhile?"

[That's stirring; but permit us to inquire,
Lived Jesuits in the time of NEHEMIAH?
That Atheists did, we know; at least their school
Was typified by DAVID as "The Fool."
A calm succeeds to this poetic storm.—]

"Let no man shrink from wise and just reform.
But, with a firm and faithful yet kind hand,
Prune cankers and corruptions from the land."
[Prune them! That treatment we're inclined to doubt
For "cankers and corruptions"—burn them out;
Destroy them utterly, as you'd a pest,
Or they'll corrupt and canker all the rest.

Then, after you have told us who's "your friend,"
A loving couplet doth your verses end.]

"So shall both Church and State survive this strife,
And dwell at peace with all, as man and wife."
[At peace with all, except with one another,
Though, for appearance sake, their growls they smother.
Respectable alliance! You've perchance
Heard of a "Mariage de Convenience"?
That's modern Church and State. 'Twould better be,
If this is so, that each one should be free.
We offer no opinion, though sure
There's something in the words of Count CAVOUR.]

"To judge by his foreign policy," observed a member of the Reform, "Lord SALISBURY seems quite at home abroad, and—*vive la révolution*."

"THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD."—GENERAL GORDON.

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